You'd haue enough.

Def. Alas! she has no speach.

Iag. In faith too much:
I find it still, for when I ha leaue to sleepe,
Marry, before your Ladiship I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Em. You ha little cause to say so.

Iag. Come on, come on, you are Pictures out of dores:
Bells in your Parlors: Wildcats in your Kitchins:
Saints in your iniuries: Diuells being offended:
Players in your housewifery; and housewiues in your beds.

Des. O fie vpon thee slanderer.

Iag. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turke*,
You rise to play, and goe to bed to worke.

Em. You shall not write my praise.

Iag. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me,
If thou shouldst praise me?

Iag. O gentle Lady, doe not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critticall.

Des. Come on, assay—there's one gon to the Harbor?

Iag. I Madam.

Des I am not merry, but I doe beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise:
Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iag. I am about it, but in leed my inuention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,
It plucks out braine and all: but my Muse labors.
And thus she is deliuered:
If she be faire and wise, faireneſſe and wit;
The one's for vse, the other vseth it.

Des. Well prais'd: how if she be black and witty?

Iag. *If she be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,*
Shee'l finde a white, that shall her blackneſſe fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Em. How if faire and fooliſh?

Iag. *She neuer yet was fooliſh, that was faire,*

For

For euen her folly helpt her to a

Des. These are old parodox
What miserable praise hast th
That's foule and fooliſh?

Iag. *There's none so foule, a*
But does foule prankes, which fa

Des. O heauy ignorance,
praise couldst thou beſtow on
in the authority of her merits,
malice it selfe?

Iag. *She that was euer faire*
Had tongue at will, and yet wa
Neuer lackt gold, and yet went
Fled from her wish, and yet said
She that being angred, her reuen
Bad her wrong stay, and her disp
She that in wisedome, neuer was
To change the Codshead for the
She that could thinke, and ne're
See Suters following, and not loo
She was a Wight, (if euer such w

Des. To doe what?

Iag *To suckle fooles, and ch*

Des. O most lame and imp
Doe not learne of him *Emilia*
How say you *Cassio*, is he not a
Counsellour?

Cas. He speakes home Mad
More in the Souldier then in th

Iag. He takes her by the
little a webbe as this, will I en
vpon her, doe: I will catch you
tis so indeed. If such trickes a
nantry, it had been better you
which now againe, you are m
well kist, and excellent courte
gers at your lips? would the
The Moore, I know his Trun p

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k